X MEN

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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT

X-MEN

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TM

IF COLOSSUS SHOULD FALL--

WHO SHALL STOP THE JUGGERNAUT?

COCKRUM

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS––feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

C-76

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WHO WILL STOP THE JUGGERNAUT!?

SO YOU CALL YOURSELVES THE NEW X-MEN, DO YOU? WELL, AMONG THE LOT OF YOU--

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WHO, INDEED? JUGGERNAUT AN' BLACK TOM ARE TAKIN' US LIKE WE WERE RANK AMATEURS! AN' MAYBE WE ARE.

WE CAME T' ME FAMILY'S ANCESTRAL CASTLE T' ENJOY A WELL-EARNED VACATION.

BOM!

WE LET OUR GUARD DOWN... AND NOW WE'RE PAYIN' THE PRICE!

COMING MY WAY, COUSIN?

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, YOU KNOW. THE JUGGERNAUT'S STRONGER THAN THE LOT OF YOU COM-BINED, AND AS FOR ME--

--WELL, ISN'T IT A PITY THAT I'M IMMUNE TO THE BANSHEE'S VAUNTED SONIC SCREAM?

HE'S RIGHT ON BOTH COUNTS, BLAST HIM. EVERY OTHER TIME JUGGERNAUT FOUGHT THE X-MEN, IT WAS JEAN GREY AND PROFESSOR X'S MENTAL POWERS THAT BEAT HIM IN THE END.

BUT JEAN'S IN HOS-PITAL, AN' THE PROFESSOR'S WITH HER IN NEW YORK...

WHICH MEANS WE'LL JUST HAVE T' MAKE DO ON OUR OWN.

MAYBE YOU'RE IMMUNE T' ME POWER, BLACK TOM CASSIDY--

--BUT LET'S SEE HOW YOU FARE AGAINST A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED PUNCH T' THE JAW!

MISSED, JUGGERNAUT! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT IF YOU WISH TO "TAG" NIGHTCRAWLER!

STORM!

...MOTHER...HELP ME. I'M SO... SCARED...

WHAT IS WRONG, MY FRIEND? YOU SCREAMED A MOMENT AGO AS IF YOU WERE IN MORTAL PAIN!

COLOSSUS! WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN', BUB?!

I WISH TO HELP STORM--

KRAK!

FORGET STORM, YOU TIN DUMMY! WE'RE THE ONES WHO'RE GETTIN' STOMPED!

DO NOT USE THAT TONE OF VOICE WITH ME, WOLVERINE.

BTHAT!

FINE BY ME, BUB--

--I GOT NO MORE TIME FOR WORDS ANYHOW!

THIBAM!

WAY TO GO, RUSSKIE!

DO NOT CALL ME THAT! AND DO NOT COME BETWEEN ME AND MY FRIENDS AGAIN, WOLVERINE--OR BY ALL I HOLD DEAR, I'LL--!

WE'LL I'LL BE! PETER PUREHEART FINALLY GETS A MAD ON. OKAY, BUB, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS PICK THE TIME AN' PLACE!

SNIKT!

HERE, FOOLS-- AND NOW!

WHA--?!

COLOSSUS-- LOOK OUT!!

TOO LATE, X-MAN!

YOUR FRIEND'S ALREADY LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT NOBODY TURNS HIS BACK ON JUGGERNAUT!

KTHOW!

BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU HIT ME OR HOW HARD YOU TRY--

--JUGGERNAUT CAN NEVER BE STOPPED!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, CHUBBY, BUT LET'S SEE HOW THAT ARMOR O' YOURS STANDS UP TO--

--THE MUTANT WITH THE ADAMANTIUM CLAWS!

SCREEEK!

NICE TRY, WOLVERINE! BUT YOU DIDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN!

OF THE FIVE OF US, ONLY STORM WOULD EVEN HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT ALL SHE DOES IS HUDDLE IN A CORNER AND CRY! STORM! ORORO! SNAP OUT OF IT, WOMAN!

KURT,.. PLEASE, I...

WE'RE BEING MURDERED, STORM! WHY WON'T YOU HELP?!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE WOMAN, GOBLIN, IF I WERE YOU!

GODS!

CLOSE, JUGGY! BUT NO CIGAR!

WHAM!

AND THE NAME'S NIGHTCRAWLER, VERSTE'HEN?

IT'S GONNA BE DEAD WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU!

BIG TALK, MEIN HERR! BUT YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST.

THE PROBLEM IS, I CAN'T KEEP OUT OF HIS REACH FOREVER--AND FROM ALL I'VE READ, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN OUT-FIGHT JUGGERNAUT.

OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO OUT-THINK HIM.

IF ONLY IT WERE THAT *EASY...*

ALL RIGHT, THEN, SINCE THE GOBLIN'S *ESCAPED* ME FOR THE *MOMENT...*

...I'LL TAKE THE *GIRL'S* LIFE INSTEAD!

:ARRGH!:

LET HER GO, BUTCHER, LEST YOU DISCOVER HOW *MUCH* OF A DEMON NIGHTCRAWLER TRULY *IS!*

MY *PLEASURE,* SPOCK-EARS--

--THE GIRL ISN'T WORTH THE *EFFORT* ANYWAY.

BAMF

DAMN YOU, *ORORO!*

THESE ARE YOUR *FRIENDS* BEING KILLED, YOUR FRIENDS WHO *CRY OUT* TO YOU FOR *AID!*

AND *WHAT* IS YOUR *REPLY--?!*

I'M SORRY... SO... SORRY...

HELP THEM!

GOD FORGIVE ME, I... *CAN'T!*

A TWISTING IN HER MIND... AS STORM'S SCREAM TEARS OPEN *LONG-SEALED* DOORS...

...UNLOCKING *MEMORIES* OF AN... *ALIEN* TIME AND PLACE...

...OF NEW YORK--OF *HARLEM*--IN THE SUMMER OF *1951.*

112 ST

AMSTERDAM AV

YOU REMEMBER IT ALL NOW, DON'T YOU, ORORO--THOUGH YOU WERE ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD...

SO LONG, 112TH ST.--I HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

HAPPY, HON?

AND WHY NOT? I'M GOING HOME, DAVID, THOUGH CAIRO IS TWO THOUSAND MILES NORTH OF KENYA.

Y'KNOW, I SOMETIMES WONDER WHERE DAVID MUNROE--ASPIRING PHOTOJOURNALIST--GOT THE NERVE TO ASK AN AFRICAN PRINCESS TO MARRY HIM.

FROM LOVE, PERHAPS? THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE COURAGE TO SAY YES.

LOOK AT ORORO! ONLY A BABY AND SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE UNDERSTANDS EVERY WORD WE'RE SAYING.

SHE DOES, DAVID...

TAXI

...BECAUSE SHE'S A VERY SPECIAL CHILD. I KNEW THAT FROM THE INSTANT OF HER CONCEPTION.

TIME-CUT--FIVE YEARS UP THE LINE, TO CAIRO IN THAT FATEFUL YEAR OF 1956, THE YEAR OF THE SUEZ WAR.

NASSAR HAD NATIONALIZED THE CANAL, YOU SEE, AND THE BRITISH AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENTS--IN CONCERT WITH THE ISRAELIS--HAD RESPONDED BY INVADING EGYPT.

IN A MATTER OF DAYS, THE THREE-PRONGED ATTACK HAD EGYPT ON THE ROPES...

...AND "ALLIED" AIRCRAFT ROAMED THE SUEZ SKIES AT WILL.

THE FRENCH ARE BOMBING THE MAIN HIGHWAY--AND OUR HOUSE IS WAY TOO CLOSE TO THEIR TARGET FOR COMFORT!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, N'DARE! FAST!

WE'LL HEAD INTO THE CITY. I'LL LEAVE YOU AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY...

DON'T WORRY, LOVE! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO WORK OUT JUST FINE.

BUT AS DAVID MUNROE HUSTLED HIS FAMILY AWAY FROM THE WINDOW...

...A FRENCH VAUTOUR FIGHTER-BOMBER CAUGHT A FLAK BURST AS IT SWUNG INTO ITS STRAFING RUN...

SH-KOW!

THE PILOT EJECTED, WAS TAKEN PRISONER AND REPATRIATED AFTER THE WAR.

HIS PLANE WENT DOWN-- WITH A FULL LOAD OF BOMBS AND FUEL...

OH MY GOD.

N'DARÉ, ORORO-- GET DOWN! I'LL KEEP YOU SAFE!

LIAR!

SHBRAM

DARKNESS...

...AND PAIN, EVENTUALLY, OF BODY AND SOUL. PAIN THAT WOULD NOT BE IGNORED...

...AS IT FORCED YOU AWAKE...

M-MOTHER...?

MOTHER!

THERE WAS DARKNESS AGAIN-- **BLESSED NOTHINGNESS**-- BUT WHEN YOU AWAKENED, YOUR MOTHER'S BODY WAS **GONE**... AND YOU WERE **ALONE**, WITH ROCK AND RUBBLE JAMMED IN **CLOSE** AROUND YOU, **SEALING YOU IN.**

SOMEHOW, THOUGH, YOU **MANAGED** TO PULL YOURSELF **FREE.**

YOU HAUNTED THE GUTTERS AND **BACK-ALLEYS** FOR A TIME, UNTIL SOME OF **ACHMED EL GIBĀR'S** URCHINS FOUND YOU.

THE OLD MAN **TOOK YOU IN** AND TAUGHT YOU HOW TO **SURVIVE**-- WITHIN A YEAR, YOU WERE THE FINEST **BEGGAR/ SNEAK-THIEF** IN ALL CAIRO.

BUT THEN, IN YOUR **TWELFTH** YEAR, SOMETHING-- SOME **INNER NEED**-- BEGAN PULLING YOU **SOUTH**, AWAY FROM EGYPT AND THE **SAHARA.**

YOU WALKED FOR A **YEAR**, TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM CAIRO TO THE **SERENGATI PLAIN.** AND THOUGH YOU'D **NEVER** SEEN THE VELDT BEFORE, YOU KNEW YOU HAD COME **HOME.**

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THERE YOU HAD REMAINED-- THE GIRL GROWING INTO A WOMAN, ALL MEMORIES OF YOUR PAST LIFE FADING WITH THE PASSAGE OF THE YEARS-- CONTENT IN YOUR SOLITUDE...

...UNTIL CHARLES XAVIER HAD COME TO LEAD THE GODDESS FROM HER NEST...

AN OCEAN AWAY, THAT SELF-SAME PROFESSOR XAVIER STIRS...

WHAT...? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE CALL MY NAME... BUT SO FAINT... FAR-AWAY...

IT'S... STORM!

IMAGES FLOODING MY SENSES THROUGH THE TELEPATHIC RAPPORT I SHARE WITH MY STUDENTS--I--CAN FEEL HER PAIN... AND... FEAR! AND... DOMINATING HER EVERY THOUGHT IS THE FACE OF-- CAIN MARKO!

SCOTT, IT'S IMPERATIVE I SPEAK WITH YOU. OUT IN THE CORRIDOR.

HUH--? CERTAINLY, PROFESSOR. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO INTRODUCE MY NEW YORK ROOMMATE.

CHARLES XAVIER, MEET MISTY KNIGHT.

MY PLEASURE.

SCOTT, IF YOU PLEASE --EVERY SECOND IS VITAL.

WELL, I'LL BE--! I'M SORRY FOR THAT, MISTY.

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE PROFESSOR THIS BRUSQUE AND... RUDE BEFORE.

THAT'S OKAY. IT'S YOU I'M WORRIED ABOUT. SOMETHING'S BEEN EATIN' YOU UP INSIDE EVER SINCE THAT SPACE FLIGHT. WHAT IS IT, JEAN? I'D LIKE TO HELP.

I KNOW.

SO TELL ME, MISTY KNIGHT...

...HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU'D... DIED. THEN BROUGHT YOURSELF BACK TO LIFE?

PLACE-CUT--TO A NEARBY ANTEROOM...

THE X-MEN HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED BY JUGGERNAUT.

YOU MUST LEAVE FOR IRELAND IMMEDIATELY AND GIVE THEM WHAT ASSISTANCE YOU CAN.

NO, PROFESSOR. NOT THIS TIME.

I'M STAYING HERE AT THE HOSPITAL UNTIL JEAN IS OUT OF DANGER.

YOU'RE--WHAT?!

YOU'RE PUTTING THE LIFE OF ONE WOMAN AHEAD OF THOSE OF YOUR FELLOW X-MEN?!

I AM. BECAUSE THAT WOMAN IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE.

BESIDES THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THE X-MEN, NO WAY I CAN GET TO THEM IN TIME TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

AND YOU YOURSELF HAVE SAID THAT, SOONER OR LATER, THE NEW TEAM IS GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN TO FIGHT ON ITS OWN.

CALLOUS AS IT SOUNDS, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT TIME IS NOW.

HOW-- DARE-- YOU!?!

YOU UNGRATEFUL, UNSPEAKABLE--CUR! I TOOK YOU IN! GAVE YOU-- GAVE --I-- SCOTT!!

PROFESSOR, WHAT IS IT?!

NO! NOT MY MIND! NOT AGAIN!

MADNESS. IMAGES/SENSATIONS/EMOTIONS RUNNING RIOT IN CHARLES XAVIER'S MIND...

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR! OH, MY GOD, SCOTT--

--IT'S THE FACE IN MY DREAM!!

WE HATE TO DO THIS, BUT BACK AT CASSIDY KEEP--

--THINGS ARE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE.

THIP

THIP

THOT

STAND STILL, YOU IMPISH JACKRABBIT!

SHOK!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, JUGGY-- OR MINE, FOR THAT MATTER.

IT'S NO GOOD, KURT-- NOTHING'S WORKING. THE HARDER WE HIT JUGGERNAUT, THE LESS HE SEEMS TO FEEL IT.

WITH STORM, WE MIGHT HAVE HAD A CHANCE, BUT HER TRAUMATIC CLAUSTROPHOBIA HAS HER PARALYZED WITH TERROR.

--AN' I AIN'T GONNA QUIT UNTIL I'M DEAD!

OH NO...

WOLVERINE, NO!

THAT CAN EASILY BE ARRANGED, YOU ARROGANT PIPSQUEAK!

WRAK!

WOLVERINE!

EH--?!

IN ANOTHER *MOMENT,* JUGGERNAUT WILL DELIVER THE *KILLING BLOW--*

--SO *I'VE* GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT MOMENT *NEVER HAPPENS!*

:YIAAARRGH!:

CURSE YOU, GOBLIN, YOU'VE-- *HURT ME!*

THAT HE HAS, AND IT'LL BE *BLACK TOM'S* PLEA-SURE...

ZRAK!

...TO SEE THAT NIGHTCRAWLER *PAYS* FOR IT A *THOUSAND-FOLD!*

YOU SEE, FOOL, WHILE *BANSHEE* IS AS IMMUNE TO *MY* MUTANT POWERS AS I AM TO *HIS--*

--*YOU,* NIGHTCRAWLER, ARE *NOT!*

THOP!

HE FALLS HARD...

...*AND DOES NOT* MOVE AGAIN.

HOWEVER, AS NIGHTCRAWLER LIES UNCONSCIOUS --PERHAPS DYING --THE BATTLE MOVES ON WITH-OUT HIM.

C'MON--AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT; WE'VE NO TIME T' SPARE.

SAINTS PRESERVE US ALL!

WILL YE LOOK A' THAT! PART O' THE LAD'S IN-- INVISIBLE!

LET'S GET HIM OUT O' HERE.

NOT THAT ANYONE NOTICES.

UNNH!

BWHOK!

SEAN, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU. WHERE'S THE BANSHEE OF OLD, THE INTERPOL AGENT WHO SENT ME TO PRISON FOR LIFE?

WHAT ARE YE TALKIN' ABOUT, MAN?!

YOU'VE ASKED ME NO QUESTIONS, COUSIN! NOT EVEN THE OBVIOUS ONES.

SUCH AS WHO FREED ME AND JUGGERNAUT FROM PRISON? AND WHO GAVE US THE MONEY AND KNOWLEDGE TO TAKE THIS CASTLE AND THEN TURN IT INTO A DEATH-TRAP?

WHY, YE DIRTY--!

IN SHORT, WHO PAID US TO KILL THE X-MEN?!

SUCH A PITY YOU'LL DIE WITHOUT EVER KNOWING.

KRAK!

I'LL ADMIT THAT YOUR UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL FORCED US TO MOVE SOMEWHAT AHEAD OF SCHEDULE...

BRAK!

...BUT THE END RESULT'S THE SAME, OUR VENGEANCE MADE THAT MUCH SWEETER BY THE FACT THAT WE'RE MAKING A TIDY PROFIT AT THE SAME TIME.

TRUE ENOUGH, BUT MY VENGEANCE WON'T BE COMPLETE UNTIL MY HATED STEP-BROTHER, CHARLES XAVIER, LIES DEAD AT MY FEET!

THAT WILL NEVER BE, MONSTER!

WHAT?!

KWAM!

BECAUSE TO GET TTPOdëCCOP XAVIER, YOU MUST FIRST DEFEAT--

--COLOSSUS!

AND I WILL NOT BE BEATEN!

GET UP, JUGGERNAUT! AND I WILL KNOCK YOU DOWN AGAIN!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE MESSAGE, HAVE YOU, COLOSSUS?

I--AM--A-- JUGGER-NAUT! FLATTEN ME A HUNDRED TIMES AN' I'LL FACE YOU THE HUNDRED-AN'-FIRST AS STRONG AN' FRESH AS EVER!

THOOM!

WORDS WILL NOT DEFEAT ME, MONSTER! AND WHILE MY ACROBATIC SKILL IS NOT OF OLYMPIC CALIBRE--

--IT IS MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO HURL YOU BACK INTO THE WALL!

BAD MOVE, COLOSSUS, BECAUSE THIS WALL'S BEEN HIT BEFORE, AND IT'S GETTING VERY TIRED..

CRRRUMBLE!

COLOSSUS-- THE WALL!

IT'S COLLAPSING!

PETER!

RAKOW!

YOU GOT *GUTS*, KID, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT! BUT ONLY *ONE* THING MATTERS WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTIN' THE *JUGGERNAUT*--

--AN' THAT'S *POWER*.

OH, PETER, I'VE *FAILED* YOU, FAILED *ALL* OF THE X-MEN.

I MUST... MAKE... *SUPREME EFFORT*... CONQUER MY *FEAR*.

YOU SPEAK OF *POWER*, JUGGERNAUT! *BEHOLD* -- AS *STORM* TEACHES YOU THE *MEANING* OF THE WORD!

I'M *WAITIN'*, LADY.

BUT IF THAT'S YOUR *BEST SHOT*-- I BETTER MAKE THIS *SHORT AN' SWEET*.

HE'S HURLING MY FORCE BOLT... *BACK* AT ME.

I'M TOO *WEAK*... TO *RESIST*... I...

:UNNNNNNH!:

KZAK!

THEY'RE *BEATEN*, BLACK TOM. THE ONLY ONE LEFT WHO *MATTERS* IS XAVIER.

AN' *I* KNOW HOW TO *GET* TO HIM. HE'S GOT A CONSTANT *TELEPATHIC RAPPORT* WITH HIS STUDENTS--IF THEY'RE HURT, *HE* FEELS IT.

HURT 'EM *BAD ENOUGH*...

...AN' *CHARLES XAVIER* WILL WALK INTO OUR *DEATH-TRAP*--

--AS MEEK AN' *DEFENSELESS* AS A *LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER!!*

NEXT ISSUE: THE FALL OF THE TOWER